SEA SIGNALS.

THE LIGHTS AND SOUNDS THAT GUIDE THE MARINER.

Flashing Lanterns and Hugh Trumpets—Bells That Toll in the Fog—Origin and Extent of Our Lighthouse Service.

EVERYBODY knows what a lighthouse is, and has a general notion of the devices employed to assist navigators, but there are very few, probably outside of the mariners themselves, who realize the tremendous development of the lighthouse service of the world, and how the complete system of the present day has been brought to its present stage by the application of scientific principles and the results of ingenious investigation.

What a vast advantage has the mariner of to-day with all of the modern aids and appliances to direct his course, over the ancient navigator who had to rely upon the stars, or the chance lights upon dark coasts. The light stations of the world to-day are almost as numerous as the visible stars and planets.

The employment of lights to guide the navigator may be traced back to the earliest times. Nightly a beacon flamed from the tower of the temple of Apollo, on Mount Leucas, and the Colossus of Rhodes, like the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, upheld a signal light. The real prototype of the modern light towers is the Pharos of Alexandria, erected 285 years before Christ. The Roman conquerors of Britain and France set up light towers along the coasts, but the oldest that exists to the present time is that of Corruna, Spain, built in Trajan's reign, and reconstructed in 1634. The grandest lighthouse in existence is also one of the most ancient—that at the mouth of the Gironde, in the Bay of Biscay, built in the reign of Henry IV. The tower is 197 feet high, contains a chapel and a series of galleries beautified with pilasters and friezes. A new era in the building of lighthouses began with the construction of the wonderful work on the Eddystone rock off Plymouth, England, completed in 1750. There, almost for the first time, was adopted the expedient, now generally employed, of dovetailing, laterally and vertically, the courses of rock which, when covered with hydraulic cement, give absolute solidity to the masonry. Other lighthouses in Great Britain are the Bell Rock, with a tower 100 feet high; the Skerryvore Rock, off the coast of Scotland, which cost nearly half a million dollars; and the Bishop Rock, off Scilly, 145 feet high.

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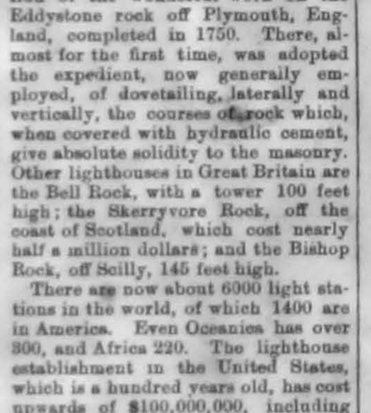

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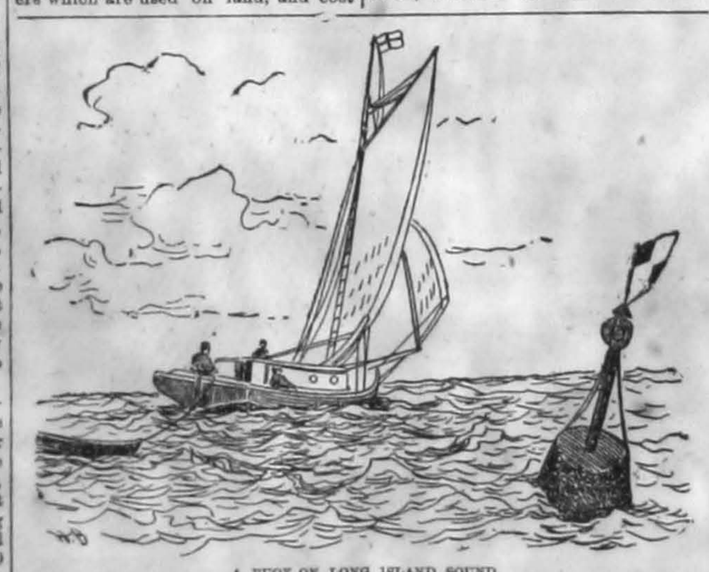

A BUOY ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

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Numerous experiments have been made with illuminants to determine the penetrative power of their lights, but in fogs all lights are useless, and hence other means have to be employed to take the place of lights in heavy weather. The invention and application of fog signals constitute a very interesting branch of the lighthouse service. Of the devices employed may be mentioned gongs, guns, rockets, sirens, trumpets, steam whistles, bell buoys, whistling buoys, and bells struck by machinery. Gongs less than those of the other classes. One erected in 1880 on Paris Island, S. C., which is the most economical structure of its kind, cost only $12,000 complete, together with the light, which is 120 feet above sea level, and is simply a locomotive headlight, with powerful reflectors. The skeleton tower at Southwest Pass is typical of this kind of structure. There are a number of brick lighthouses like that at St. Augustine, which towers 165 feet above the sea level, and cost $100,000.

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The keepers of lighthouses were appointed by the earlier Presidents, but, as they became more numerous, nominations were made by collectors of customs, and the appointments made by the Secretary of the Treasury. The nominations are, however, always to be passed upon by the Lighthouse Board, and an examination by an inspector generally precedes the final appointment. The salaries are very small, considering the nature of the service rendered, and its importance. The compensation of keepers ranges from $100 to $1000 per year. The keeper must be between eighteen and fifty years of age, and possessed of a knowledge of reading, writing and accounts, and have some mechanical ability. They are furnished with quarters for themselves, and in certain cases for their families, and with fuel and rations. As a lighthouse keeper naturally has a good deal of time on his hands, he is supplied with a library of instructing and entertaining books, containing about fifty volumes. At regular intervals this library is exchanged for another and forwarded to the next station. The Lighthouse Board has nearly 600 of such libraries in circulation. The first regularly appointed lighthouse keeper in this country was George Worthylake, who was keeper of the lighthouse on Little Brewster Island in 1716 at $250 per year.

Cab and Cycle Combined.

Several weeks ago the cycle hansom made its appearance in London. The occupant of the vehicle had the

THE NEW HANSOM.

appearance of being a foreigner, but in his movements he seemed to know the city well. His vehicle was a hansom body on three pneumatic tire wheels, propelled by two lackeys, one in front and one behind. The front man, of course, steered, but both helped the propulsion, and they pedaled away over the rough pavement at a pace of nearly eight miles an hour.

The gentleman was making business calls, and his flunkeys were therefore in ordinary dress, or what those gentry designated as morning clothes. Possibly he makes social calls in his hansom with flunkeys in livery.

Others of these vehicles have since been noticed on the street, and it is learned that a large manufactory in the suburbs has been started to rush them on the market.

ONE MAN'S QUEER FANCY.

A NEW YORKER'S WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF TOWELS.

They Number More Than 1300, and Were Gathered From All Parts of the World.

ONE New Yorker has made towels a fad, and he has gathered from all parts of the world an unparalleled assortment of them. Benjamin B. Davenport, a lawyer, better known as the publisher of several books, is the possessor of this unique collection, and at his home at Asbury Park he proudly displays his store of the towels of all nations, which number 1312.

Mr. Davenport has been engaged for twenty years in the amassing of this bizarre exhibit, which includes towels of cotton, wool, linen and silk. He has been ably assisted by many of his friends. To the acquaintances departing for distant lands Davenport has been wont to say: "Send me a towel from Madagascar," or "While you are in Patagonia pick me up one of the native towels."

By far the greater part of the collection was picked up in the hotels of the United States by Mr. Davenport personally. They vary in size and texture. A thin, sleazy cotton rag, through which one might read a newspaper, bears the startling legend indelibly stamped across its limp surface: "Stolen from the Occidental Hotel, Leadville, Colorado." It is evident that the miners had formed the habit of carrying off the towels to use as shirt fronts.

In contrast to this economical rag there is a roller towel thirty feet in length, secured in an Illinois hotel wash-room. It was what the porter who sold it to the collector called "the house towel."

One set of seven towels, of varing thickness and texture, including a genuine Turkish article that looks like forty cents' worth of tripe, recalls the luxury of a local bath house.

A square section of jute bagging, such as is used to cover cotton bales, was considered quite the thing in a hostelry on the banks of the Yazoo River. A real curiosity is a stiff and inflexible affair found in the composing-room of a Pennsylvania weekly newspaper. It was "the office towel."

There are towels of softest damask, with daintily embroidered initials that call up romantic visions, and there is a section of mummy cloth brought home from Cairo, which might once have been used to dry the moisture from the fair skin of Pharaoh's daughter, or possibly have been tucked under the chin of the infant Moses.

There are towels that are as small as napkins, and towels that would answer for bedspreads. Some are as soft to the touch as the fluffy bosom of the eider swan, and others could be used to grate horseradish upon.

There are dainty French towels and heavy, square German towels, soft Italian towels that give forth a faint odor of garlic; cold, heavily starched towels that come from England; a Scotch towel that is made of tweed; an Irish towel of unbleached linen that will take off the cuticle as if it were made of emery paper; towels from the South Sea islands that are not towels, but are cocoa mats; a carefully dressed chamois-skin which came from the Alps; a jeans towel from Indiana; a homespun towel from Kentucky; a Japanese towel of fibrous paper, and a heavy silk towel once owned by Adelina Patti.

Then there are common towels of no particular individuality, that are in the collection, because they were known to have been last used by some celebrity or because there is a tale of adventure, romance or sentiment connected with their acquisition. Mr. Davenport's conscience is never troubled when he contemplates his treasures. Very few of them were accidentally packed into his baggage. As to the conscience of the porters and chambermaids who assisted in the compilation—that is another story. Each of the towels is duly tagged and numbered and a catalogue gives the history of each article.—New York World.

Chinese Cunning.

In New Zealand, as in California, the Chinese abounds, and there, too he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. It is related that in Otago, where Scotchmen are in the majority of the colonists, a contract for mending a road was to be let and the lowest tender was signed "McPherson." Notice was sent to the said McPherson to meet the board and complete the contract. In due time they met, but behold! McPherson was yellow in hue and had an unmistakable pigtail. "But," gasped the president, "your name can't be McPherson?" "Allo lights," cheerfully answered John, "nobody catchum contlact in Otago unless he name Mac." The contract was signed, and the Mongolian McPherson did his work as well as if he had really hailed from Glasgow.—China Mail.

There are credible records of over 7000 earthquakes between the yr 1606, B. C., and 1894, A. D., and unrecorded ones are believed still more numerous.

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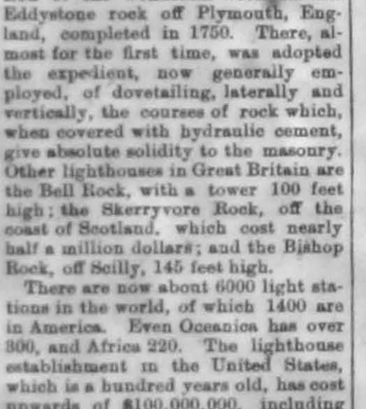

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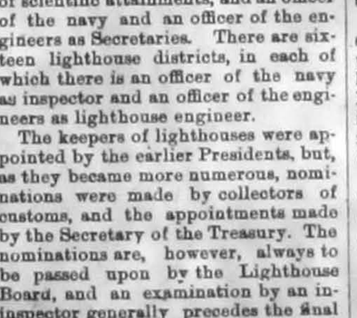

THE NEW HANSOM.

appearance of being a foreigner, but in his movements he seemed to know the city well. His vehicle was a hansom body on three pneumatic tire wheels, propelled by two lackeys, one in front and one behind. The front man, of course, steered, but both helped the propulsion, and they pedaled away over the rough pavement at a pace of nearly eight miles an hour.

The gentleman was making business calls, and his flunkeys were therefore in ordinary dress, or what those gentry designated as morning clothes. Possibly he makes social calls in his hansom with flunkeys in livery.

Others of these vehicles have since been noticed on the street, and it is learned that a large manufactory in the suburbs has been started to rush them on the market.

ONE MAN'S QUEER FANCY.

A NEW YORKER'S WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF TOWELS.

They Number More Than 1300, and Were Gathered From All Parts of the World.

ONE New Yorker has made towels a fad, and he has gathered from all parts of the world an unparalleled assortment of them. Benjamin B. Davenport, a lawyer, better known as the publisher of several books, is the possessor of this unique collection, and at his home at Asbury Park he proudly displays his store of the towels of all nations, which number 1312.

Mr. Davenport has been engaged for twenty years in the amassing of this bizarre exhibit, which includes towels of cotton, wool, linen and silk. He has been ably assisted by many of his friends. To the acquaintances departing for distant lands Davenport has been wont to say: "Send me a towel from Madagascar," or "While you are in Patagonia pick me up one of the native towels."

By far the greater part of the collection was picked up in the hotels of the United States by Mr. Davenport personally. They vary in size and texture. A thin, sleazy cotton rag, through which one might read a newspaper, bears the startling legend indelibly stamped across its limp surface: "Stolen from the Occidental Hotel, Leadville, Colorado." It is evident that the miners had formed the habit of carrying off the towels to use as shirt fronts.

In contrast to this economical rag there is a roller towel thirty feet in length, secured in an Illinois hotel wash-room. It was what the porter who sold it to the collector called "the house towel."

One set of seven towels, of varing thickness and texture, including a genuine Turkish article that looks like forty cents' worth of tripe, recalls the luxury of a local bath house.

A square section of jute bagging, such as is used to cover cotton bales, was considered quite the thing in a hostelry on the banks of the Yazoo River. A real curiosity is a stiff and inflexible affair found in the composing-room of a Pennsylvania weekly newspaper. It was "the office towel."

There are towels of softest damask, with daintily embroidered initials that call up romantic visions, and there is a section of mummy cloth brought home from Cairo, which might once have been used to dry the moisture from the fair skin of Pharaoh's daughter, or possibly have been tucked under the chin of the infant Moses.

There are towels that are as small as napkins, and towels that would answer for bedspreads. Some are as soft to the touch as the fluffy bosom of the eider swan, and others could be used to grate horseradish upon.

There are dainty French towels and heavy, square German towels, soft Italian towels that give forth a faint odor of garlic; cold, heavily starched towels that come from England; a Scotch towel that is made of tweed; an Irish towel of unbleached linen that will take off the cuticle as if it were made of emery paper; towels from the South Sea islands that are not towels, but are cocoa mats; a carefully dressed chamois-skin which came from the Alps; a jeans towel from Indiana; a homespun towel from Kentucky; a Japanese towel of fibrous paper, and a heavy silk towel once owned by Adelina Patti.

Then there are common towels of no particular individuality, that are in the collection, because they were known to have been last used by some celebrity or because there is a tale of adventure, romance or sentiment connected with their acquisition. Mr. Davenport's conscience is never troubled when he contemplates his treasures. Very few of them were accidentally packed into his baggage. As to the conscience of the porters and chambermaids who assisted in the compilation—that is another story. Each of the towels is duly tagged and numbered and a catalogue gives the history of each article.—New York World.

Chinese Cunning.

In New Zealand, as in California, the Chinese abounds, and there, too he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. It is related that in Otago, where Scotchmen are in the majority of the colonists, a contract for mending a road was to be let and the lowest tender was signed "McPherson." Notice was sent to the said McPherson to meet the board and complete the contract. In due time they met, but behold! McPherson was yellow in hue and had an unmistakable pigtail. "But," gasped the president, "your name can't be McPherson?" "Alle lighte," cheerfully answered John, "nobody catchum contlact in Otago unless he name Mac." The contract was signed, and the Mongolian McPherson did his work as well as if he had really hailed from Glasgow.—China Mail.

There are credible records of over 7000 earthquakes between the years 1606, B. C., and 1894, A. D., and the unrecorded ones are believed to be still more numerous.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

☞Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

L. C. BARTLETT,

PAINTER,

PAPER HANGING,

FRESCO WORK.

SIGN PAINTER.

GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

☞Satisfaction guaranteed.☜

BLACKSMITHING AND Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands, Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Reilly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3½ miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BIRD, Marlinton, W. Va.

Money Needed.

All persons indebted to me will please call at once and settle. Your account is ready and you will perhaps save yourself trouble and cost by complying with this request. I cannot give further indulgence. Yours Respectfully,

S. W. HOLT.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to us either by note or account, will please come in and settle up. We cannot wait always on our customers for money, but must have money to pay on debts. Respectfully,

MOORE & HANNAH,

21. Edray, W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer ... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

$10.00 { Size of Camera 3¼ x 3¼ x 6½ in. Size of Picture 4 x 5 in.

The . . Folding KODET Junior. .

A practical camera with which a mere novice can readily learn to make the best photographs. Fully equipped for hand or tripod work. Adapted to roll film and glass plates; reversible finder with focusing plate; ground glass for fine focusing; improved shutter; tripod sockets for vertical or horizontal views. Self contained when closed; handsomely finished and covered with leather.

Price, with double plate holder, ... $10-00
Developing and Printing outfit, ... 1.50
Roll Holder for film (not loaded), ... 10.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

{ Send for Catalogue. } Rochester, N. Y.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done.

Give me a call.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day - - - - 1.00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER. Proprietor.

FEED, LIVERY —AND— SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

☞Horses for Sale and Hire.☜

SPECIAL ACCOMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broke to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON, Marlinton W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.

Cash Capital $100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL. MARLINTON W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—if won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are imitations. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send out of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Attention Confederates.

All Confederate Camps and ex-Confederates in this State, will please take notice, that a Reunion of such Camps and individual Confederates will be held under the auspices of Stonewall Jackson Camp C. V. at Chareston, Kanawha county, W. Va.,

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 24,

For the purpose of discussing and maturing plans for the establishment of a "HOME" in this State for helpless and homeless Confederate Veterans.

Without more formal or further notice, all Confederate Camps in the State are requested to send Representatives to this meeting, and all individual Confederates are requested to attend, or that they will get together in counties where there is no regular organizaton and send representatives, so that every county in the State will be represented.

All the newspapers in the State are requested to donate enough of their time and space to publish this notice until the day of meeting and to call attention to it editorially.

Let there be a full attention to inaugerate this worthy and chritable work for our helpless Comrades, on a sure and permanent foundation.

S. S. GREEN, COMMANDER, And Chairman Executive Committee.

A Fatal Shooting.

A young Mr. Riddle and two other gentlemen of Franklin, W. Va., were out from town a short distance hunting, the day before Christmas, and while creeping through some very thick under brush, a Winchester rifle in the hands of the gentleman nearest to Mr. Riddle caught on a brush and was discharged. The ball entered Mr. Riddle's head just behind the ear, tearing a large hole clear through his head, killing him instantly. This was indeed a sad accident, and the two young men, when they saw what had been done, were wild with grief.—*Highland Recorder.*

Wanted - A Reliable Boy.

In every city and town to send his name and address on a postal card, if able to devote a few hours in special work for us in his locality. No canvassing. Experience not required, simple energy and faithfullness. Good remuneration. Name one or more references. Address COBBETT & CO., 723 SANSOM STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Man, of Alderson, will begin publication anew this week under the auspicies of a reliable publisher. Mr. A. C. Houston will be the editor, we are informed, with S. A. Houston as proprietor, and H. P. Mohler publisher. *The Man* made things warm last fall, and no doubt will help to thaw out the snow-bank in which the *Watchman's* candidates were entombed on November 6th. It's mighty rough sledding for the party that gets in its way.—*Ronceverte News.*

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE.—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Speciulty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but It Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay!

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

New Goods New Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, start and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have ever handled in my merchantile experience.

I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

GREAT BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING.

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

S. W. HOLT.

IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25C AND 50C PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Wayne, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Come to the Times Office for Neat Job Work.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 27. MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1895. $1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, ... J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, ... R. E. Burns.
Clerk County Court, ... S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, ... J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, ... C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court { C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, ... George Baxter.
Coroner, ... George P. Moore
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, [illegible] H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Labelle.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Coufrts o Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH.
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
HAS LOCATED AT
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

THE incorporation of Marlinton has been a subject of discussion for over two years. Lately our contemporary has been pushing the question with very commendable zeal. He misquota us in a late leader. We had said that it would not be "very just to incorporate without the consent of the company which owns the town" and added, "not to say safe." This is twisted by him into "the scheme is not judicious or safe," and refers to the "position taken" by us. A position is exactly what we have not taken. We have suggested it during the time mentioned above, but no one ever has taken enough interest in the scheme to put it to a vote, up to the present time. This should be done at once. If a half-a-dozen citizens would stand as promoters of the incorporation, there need be no especial expense attached to it, and none whatever if the incorporation is consumated. The steps to be taken are laid down in the Code: There must be one hundred persons, and the boundary not less than one quarter of one square mile. The persons seeking incorporation must cause to be made an accurate map of the territory by a practical surveyor. Also an accurate census shall be taken, verified by affidavit of the census taker. The map and census must be left at some place of access for at least four weeks. Then a notice shall be published for four weeks of the foregoing matters, and that on a certain day a vote shall be taken. We are sure that such notice will be donated by either of the papers of Marlinton, in the event the petitioners fail, at least. The voters when assembled choose three commissioners, and all duly qualified voters who have been *bona fide* residents of the village six months before any charter election, are voters of that village. If a majority of the qualified voters residing within the boundary come out and vote for incorporation, it is so certified to the Circuit Court, which grants a certificate of incorporation. The only construction to be put on this section is that the voters not voting are counted as voting against incorporation. Then comes the election of officers. Seven of the town officers must be freeholders, and, count as we would, only six were to be found on the East side of the river, eligible to hold office. This is not counting an English gentleman, not naturalized. Before there is any more palaver on this subject, steps should be taken to make an issue.

THE present generation is famous among many other things for close calculations and accurate researches. A Genoese journalist to have something original for the Columbian year, undertook to estimate what it cost to discover America in 1492. Columbus had an annual salary of three hundred and thirty-three dollars. The captains in charge of the Nina and Pinta received one hundred and eighty dollars each. The sailors were paid each two and a half dollars per month. The outfit cost two thousand and eight hured dollars. Total about seven thousand and five hundred dollars. Voyages of discovery are vastly more costly now.

DON'T sit in a draught. If you do the doctor will in all probability be the one to cash it.

To the Teachers.

Supt. Barlow gives them a Gentle Reminder. A Word to the Wise.

To the Teachers of Pocahontas County:—The time is now at hand when many of you are engaged in the preparation of your term report to the Secretaries of the Board of Education, and to secure that accuracy and completeness of detail so necessary, is the object of this letter.

The State Superintendent says that almost every mail brings to his office letters of inquiry from the office of the National Commiser of Education, or from various institutions, states, and nations, regarding our State educational work, and to these interrogatives the department is often unable to make intelligent reply because of the failure or neglect of those charged with the duty of supplying the desired information. We want the report of our schools to be accurate and complete. Reports, blanks, etc,, are prepared and distributed to the the teachers, and there is not a blank but what should be filled, nor an item to be omitted. The Legislature has made ample provision for collecting and placing the State in possession of valuable information, by furnishing blanks, etc., and the law must, therefore, be enforced by all whose duty it is to see that it is enforced.

The Secretary of the Board of Education is prohibited by law from paying to a teacher his last month's salary until said teacher has delivered to him (the Secretary) a properly kept term register.

Section 8 of the School Law requires the Secretary of the Board to make an an annual report to the County Superintendent, but the Secretary cannot make a correct report unless he has received from the teachers reports which are "full and complete."

"Statistics are worthless unless accurate, and the large sum of money expended by the State in printing and distributing the same is a waste if they are not correct in every particular."

Section 19 of the School Law requires the teacher in each subdistrict, before the close of his school and not later than the 1st of April in each year, to make an enumeration of all school youths resident in his sub-district. If your school closes after April 1st, make this report on a seperate blank that will be furnished you by the Secretary of the Board of Education. The teacher should secure an accurate enumeration, because the distributisn of the State school fund is based upon it.

THE GRADE SHEET.

It is the duty of every teacher in the county to properly prepare the grade sheet, and, together with the term register, return it to the Secretary of the Board of Education. The good effect of the entire work of grading our schools will be largely lost unless the grade sheet is properly filled and filed with the Secretary of the district in which the school is situated. See that your work on the grade sheet is accurate for without accuracy it is worthless. Remember that your grade sheet goes into the hands of your successor, and he will rely upon it in classifying his school. Therefore be sure that your work is correct.

I will gladly assist you in any way I can in the earnest work you are doing for the advancement of education, and with the hope that you are having a successful year as teachers, I am most obediently yours,

D. L. BARLOW,
County Superintendent.

Edray, W. Va., January 14, 1895.

A PRIZE of one guinea offered for the best definition of "life," was given to the person who said, "Life, a trial trip before the launch into eternity."

Pocahontas in 1823.

The extract printed below is from a letter written by Col. J. Howe Peyton, the first commonwealth's attorney of this county, on his first visit to Huntersville, at the first term of the "Superior Court" which was held after the formation of the county. The two buildings, which he speaks of, were situated on the site of Mr. C. R. Moore's house. The county in 1830 contained 2,542 people. Col. Peyton traveled with Judge Stuart from Staunton, and as his letter shows, he was considerably impressed with the crudeness of the manner of living west of the Alleghany:

"On Tuesday at two o'clock we arrived at Huntersville, the seat of Justice of Pocahuntas county—a place as much out of the world as Crim Tartary. Owing to the bad condition of the roads we were much fatigued and bore many marks of travel-stain. The so called town of Huntersville consists of two illy-constructed time-worn, (though it is not time which has worn them,) weather-beaten cabins built on logs and covered with clapboards. My negro cabins on Jackson's river are palaces in comparison with them.

"One of these wretched hovels is the residence of John Bradshaw, the other is called the loom-house for these people are self-sustaining. They spin and weave. The big wheel and the little wheel are birring in every hut and throwing off the woolen and linen yarn to be worked up for family purposes. The home-spun cloth, too, is stronger and more durable than that brought by our merchants from Northern manufacturers.

"In Bradshaw's dwelling there is a large fire-place, which occupies one entire side, the gable end. The chimney is enormous and so short that the room is filled with light which enters this way. It is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape through the chimney, whilst most of the smoke is driven back into the chamber. In the chimney-corner I prepared my legal papers before a roaring fire, surrounded by rough mountaineers, who were drinking whiskey and as night advanced, growing riotous. In the back part of the room two beds were curtained off with horse-blankets—one for the Judge and one for myself. To the left of the fire-place stood old Bradshaw's couch. In the loft, to which they ascended, by means of a ladder, his daughter and the hired woman slept, and at times of a crowd, a wayfarer. The other guests were sent to sleep in the Loom-house, in which was suspended in the loom, a half-woven piece of cloth. Three beds were disposed about the room, which completed its appointments—one was allotted to Sampson Mathews, a second to John Baxter, the third to George Mays, and John Brown. The loom was used as a hat-rack at night and for sitting on, in the absence of chairs, in the day. As there was not a chair or stool beyond those used by the weaving women, my clients *roosted* on the loom while detailing their troubles and receiving advice.

"Bradshaw's table is well supplied. There is profusion, if not prodigality in the rich, lavish bounty of the goodly tavern. We had no venison, as this is a shy season with the deer, but excellent mutton with plenty of apple sauce, peach pie, and roasting ears. As a mark of deference and respect to the Court, I presumed, we had a table-cloth—they are not often seen on Western tables and when they are, are not innocent of color—and clean sheets upon our beds. This matter of the sheets is no small affair in out of the way places, as it not unfrequently happens that wanderers communicate disease through the bedclothing. Old Bradshaw's family is scupulously clean, which is somewhat remarkable in a region where cleanliness is for the most part on the outside. A false modesty seems to prevent those salutary ablutions which are so necessary to health, and I did not commend myself to the good graces of the hired woman by insisting on my foot-bath every morning.

"We remained five days at Huntersville closely engaged in the business of the Court, which I found profitable. Pocahuntas is a fine grazing county, and the support of the people is mainly derived from their flocks cattle, horses and sheep,-which they drive over the mountains to market. There is little money among them except after these excursions, but they have little need of it—every want is supblied by the happy country they possess, and of which they are as fond as the Swiss of their mountains. It is a pretty country, a country of diversified and beautiful scenery in which there is a wealth of verdure and variety which keeps the attention alive and the outward eye delighted."

SEVERAL books of fiction, written for an ethical or moral purpose, seem to have an unprecedented circulation. This indicates that there is an intense yearning for sympathy and instruction on the part of thousands of intelligent, serious people, struggling in the confused twilight that dims the questions of the hour, how to correct social wrongs sustained by social customs. The reader's sympathies are deeply aroused when it is seen that too often it is trusting, confiding women who may be made as it were the moral scapegoat, and as such may be sent into the wilderness to expiate the sins of man. Then, too, the reader's indignition is appealed to in behalf of those jilted by their special friends, when their opportunities for marriage are numbered, and so left to long, loveless lives and unaided battles with the world. Such reading is destitute of faith in Higher wisdom shaping human rough-hewn purposes to a nobler end beyond our earthly vision, and so leaves its votaries without the beams of a higher hope to assist them to win triumphs and evolve light out of darkness, and right out of wrongs. The result will be that ere long it will be asked "who will show us any good?" Then books illustrating the old but ever new necessity of subduing instinctive passion to law, by which the spiritual regeneration of each man and woman will be most happily assured, such books will then be in the fashion.

WHILE the city of Elkins may not be the capitol of the State, for which there are aspirations, yet there is no doubt of there being an immense amount of capital represented by the citizens. The home of Mr. Elkins cost two hundred thousand; near by the home of Hon. Henry G. Davis rated at one hundren and ten thousand; and that of Mr. Kerens in the vicinity costing ninety thousand dollars. The computed wealth of the three residents amounts to one hundred and twenty million dollars.

ONE of the most popular songs among our singing people is "The West Virginia Hills." It may interest some to learn that the writer of these beautiful lines is the wife of the Rev. H. D. King, pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Vineland, New Jersey. Mr. King, a short time since, spent some weeks in our state conducting continued religious services.

☞ TIMES OFFICE for job-work.

There are fewer deaths by railway accidents in Persia than in any other country.

The French have invented an occult science of arithmetic which they call "arithmomancy."

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

The number of American horses in Italy, England, France, Germany and Russia is already quite large, is rapidly increasing, and the result of crossing them with the native stock has already proved far more satisfactory than almost any one anticipated.

From a tabular statement published in the Japan Gazette it appears that Japan has altogether 39,601 doctors, of whom only 10,553 are qualified on modern principles; the rest, over two-thirds of the total, being old stagers of the purely native school, the champions of frogs' toenails and burnt joss paper.

There are 20,000 woman cycle riders in New York and New England alone. If possible, the latter staid and conservative locality is more wheel mad than New York, maintains the Dispatch. The enthusiasm has spread to the tiniest towns, and a little mountain hamlet of 300 or 500 souls will have its quota of wheel women.

It is said that horses are cheaper in Idaho, just now, than anywhere else in the world. Ordinary unbroken, ranch-bred horses have been sold at auction, in Boise City, during the last summer at seventy-five cents a head, and horses broken to harness and the saddle as low as $2.50, although, as a farmer remarked, "if you want a good team they are surprisingly scarce."

To reach the north pole, an architect, M. Hanin, has proposed to the Geographical Society of Paris the construction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.

The sacred cattle of India take more readily to American ways than do the people of that land, according to the caretakers of the National quarantine for cattle at Garfield, N. J., where there is a small herd of the animals, imported for Oliver H. P. Belmont. Said one of these men: "Mr. Belmont sent over for the cattle some of the native feed. It is a grain or berry which when ground up resembles ground chicory. The cattle ate it all right, but after a few days here they became sickly. The superintendent gave them some Yankee feed, on which they immediately began to thrive, and now they won't touch the feed sent over with them."

Among the reasons for the almost uninterrupted success of Japan in prosecuting the present war with China is the spirit of sacrifice and generosity exhibited by her people. Voluntary contributions amounting to almost $15,000,000 have been received by the Government. The Bank of the Nobility, which has given $1,000,000 outright, has also placed $15,000,000, interest free, at the disposal of the authorities. The noblemen and wealthy merchants have been most patriotic, and a number of them have contributed more than $100,000 each. Victory under such conditions is comparatively easy and certain. Public spirit in China with reference to the unfortunate conflict presents a melancholy contrast. Unhappily for the Chinese, the same spirit of indifference—to use no stronger word—seems to pervade a great part of the army and navy. Admiral Ting himself had to report that seven of his ships remained concealed during the fight on the Yalou; that several officers had to be court-martialled for cowardice, and that it was deemed essential to behead Captain Fung, who fled before the beginning of the battle. It appears to be a hopeless task for the Chinese to fight the demoralization in their forces.

GAINING WINGS.

A twig where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more;"
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm—
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings;
'Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!
—Edna D. Proctor, in Youth's Companion.

SAUNDERS'S ROMANCE.

SAUNDERS had read dime novels as a boy in New York. In the afternoons, as he came home from school he had bought them from some street corner vender of "penny dreadfuls," and had gloated over them as only a small boy, born and bred in a great city, can gloat over tales of the West. He had not been discriminating, of course, and had had a natural leaning toward the most blood-curdling recitals; but he had chosen always something in some way connected with army life.

The army was to him a beautiful dream, a highly varnished picture, and to be a part of it—a major part, of course, something like a General, or, at the very least, a Colonel—had been from the first his one ambition. But destiny, in the shape of parents of stern and old-fashioned mould, the kind that thought, and accepted it as a convenient creed that, having inflicted life upon their offspring, they were entirely at liberty to ruin that life—this destiny ordained that he should have a profession other than that of arms; in short, that he should be a lawyer.

Now, Saunders was of an age to judge for himself, and he knew that he was not the stuff of which lawyers are made. Not the slightest vestige of eloquence had he, he was blunt and truthful to a degree. He disliked a lie for its own sake. All this and more he told his parents, but he was answered by the logic which has retarded the world's progress through so many generations, that they were older and therefore wiser; that he was their son, and they knew better what was good for him than he could possibly. Saunders, more from a sense of duty than a fear of being disinherited of his father's goodly estates, accepted their decision and began the reading of law.

About this time he chose for a chum a youth whose only possible recommendation must have been that he could boast of army relatives. He had visited in his sallow gosling days at a garrison, and was full of highly spiced tales regarding the wild daring and fascinations of a soldier's life. Saunders would drink in all these stories, and despite his valiant efforts to forget them and put temptation away, they would come back to him as he sat over the inexpressibly stupid folios relating to the law.

One summer this chum of his invited Saunders to visit him at his country house on the Hudson. Saunders went and spent the happiest two weeks of his life. For it was there that he met Madge Kean, the bewitching little daughter of Colonel Kean, of the Tenth. Saunders caught his first glimpse of her as he walked with young Milton up the driveway. Madge was armed with a Flobert rifle, and was teaching the little son of the house how to aim and pull the trigger. There was something in her very pose, in the fact of her knowing how to shoot, that appealed to Saunders at once. He could not see her face, but, nevertheless, he said to Milton that she was a "mighty pretty girl." Milton replied with pardonable pride that the young lady was his cousin, had just come from the far West, was of the army, and a "mighty pretty little flirt." Therefore, before Saunders had even been introduced to the fair Madge, he was perilously near to being in love.

When he stood beside her and Milton was saying, "This is my chum, Saunders, Madge; Miss Kean, Mr. Saunders," when her bright eyes glanced at him from under her long lashes—just like an untamed mustang's—when she smiled and put out a hand all smutty with powder, Saunders thought her the most bewitching woman he had ever seen. And Madge, in her turn, made note of the fact that Saunders was tall, blond and extremely handsome, with that unmistakable air of self-possession and refinement of a New York gentleman. She determined that he would be much better material to expend her fascinations on than that milk-sop of a cousin of hers. She was glad he had come, and said so. Saunders answered, in a tone which carried conviction, that he also was glad she had come, and Madge blushed through one of those clear, tanned skins which change color with every emotion. Not that she was shy and schoolgirlish in her blushes; they were not a result of timidity.

Cupid did not hit Saunders's heart with the traditional golden arrow this time. It was the tiny bullets of lead which went from the muzzle of the Flobert straight to the bull's-eye of the target that made the wounds which are inflicted sooner or later on every man. By the time the wee cartridge-box was empty Saunders was hopelessly smitten.

In the course of the next fortnight he came to that point where he would have even studied law with pleasure had she expressed an admiration for law students. But she did not. He had confided to her all his baffled ambitions; had told her how his soul yearned for shoulder-straps; and she, in turn, told him that the life of a soldier was the only one worth living.

He was too old for West Point; why didn't he try for a civil appointment? This had never occurred to him; he would think it over. He asked her some questions, and confided some of his ideas of garrison life to her. She laughed at them and told him that he was a "dear old tenderfoot." If it had not been for the tone of voice in which she said it, for the roguish, half fond glance from her mustang eyes, Saunders would have been terribly cut up over that scornful word.

"Tenderfoot—tenderfoot," he! After all he had read on the subject. Could it be that his source of information was bad? He did not ask Madge this, however; he never put forth any of his ideas on the subject again, to her; asked for no further information; he knew he was missing golden opportunities for enlightenment, but he did not care to be laughed at. He was aware that nothing would so much injure him in her eyes as to make himself ridiculous. And Madge in that fortnight exerted, first, every charm she possessed, every power she could command, to bring him to her feet.

Having succeeded in this, she used quite as much skill in keeping him from asking her to marry him. She didn't want to be married; she didn't even want to be engaged, and he was only the pastime of a summer's jaunt. Nobody took such flirtations seriously; that is, nobody with any sense. If he couldn't see she was in fun it wasn't her fault, was it? She wasn't accountable for his being deficient in powers of preception, was she? A New York man ought to know how to take care of himself.

Well, the little summer play was over. Saunders went back to town with the secret determination to cut loose from the grind of the law reading to go into the army. He had not told Madge of this; somehow, looking back on it, he hadn't told her anything that he had meant to; he had been half afraid that she would laugh. It would never do to have her laugh.

Of course, there was a big row at his home when he announced his determination. But the breath of free air that he had drawn in from contact with Madge made him see that he should have something to say in the matter of his own career. Moreover, he had the strength of love to uphold him. He surprised his parents by asserting his freedom of action, and when they made it too disagreeable for his self-respect to allow him to stay under their roof he left it, with paternal and maternal maledictions following him. He started in to obtain a civil appointment, and learned more, before he realized his failure, of the nature of human beings and of the struggle for existence than he had ever known before.

It came about that he obtained no civil appointment, and he knew that his father had done his best, covertly, that he should not obtain it. This one thing he could not forgive. Meantime he longed for Madge with the whole power of his heart. He wrote to her and received no reply. So he supposed that she had not got his letter. The thought that she had ignored it did not come to him. The final refusal of a commission was a blow from which he did not recover for some days—he had lost heart for a time; but he read in an Army and Navy that Miss Kean had been desperately ill. That afternoon he enlisted as a private soldier, and the next morning wore the blue.

This was not being a Colonel or a General, but men had risen from the ranks to sudden fame and honor in the books he had read; besides, he was at his last penny. A little wave of disgust ran over him as he learned that $13 a month, with clothing, bed and board, would be his share of the world's goods. He enlisted with that vague notion, which the average citizen of that day had, that officers and men inhabited peacefully the same quarters; that the barrack-room was a sort of happy-family cage, where shoulder-straps and chevrons went side by side. He had not stopped to think that the West was wide, and that he might be assigned to a post several thousand miles from the one which his lady-love lighted with her presence. It was not until the deed was done that this came to him, and then he could only hope and pray.

As luck would have it, he was sent to the very post where Colonel Kean was stationed. This did not exactly surprise him; he took it as a matter of course that Providence should interfere in behalf of Saunders—of one of the handsomest and most popular fellows in his set. He wondered what his friends at home thought of his escapade. Then he settled down to the discomfort of second-class accommodations in a railway car. Fortunately for him, the garrison to which he was ordered happened to be very near to the railroad, and he was spared a cross-country trip of a hundred or two miles.

Words cannot paint the miseries that Saunders went through. They were not physical miseries, for he was well sheltered, well clothed, not overworked, and was spared the humiliation and pain of the raw recruit, who learns for the first time to bestride a bare-backed horse. Saunders was an old hand at steeplechase, and had little to learn, save a few technicalities.

He did not even see Madge for three days, but was induced to overcome his predetermination to call upon her. He saw within an hour after he had stepped upon the reservation that he would hardly be welcome. It was bad enough not to be able to see his divinity; it was infinitely worse when, at last, he met her. She gave a great gasp and start, blushed, and returned the bow, with just the slightest nod and condescending smile. He saw with dismay that he was to her simply a menial—that he could not dare to overstep the line which divided them.

He got over his desire to shoot himself every time he was given an order in her hearing after awhile. He watched her flirtations with a gorgeous first lieutenant in bitterness of spirit, and the thought dawned on him that she was not true; but he hoped she would leave the first lieutenant when he (Saunders) should have won his spurs. But even the spurs seemed far away; he had come to understand that the jump from the uniform of an enlisted man into that of an officer is a difficult feat, or was in those days, and no chance for physical prowess presented itself. Morally he was as brave as only a man in love can be. He would have killed himself had he not been.

More courage than to carry a standard to the cannon's mouth did it take for him to obey the first order to "police," with a fatigue party, the back yards of the officers' quarters. To "police" is army for cleaning up, and it is left, as a general thing, to the prisoners who happen to be in the guard-house. But at this time there were very few prisoners, not more than one or two, for the men had been upon their good behavior, it being almost two months since the paymaster's last visit, and no cash left to be expended upon whisky at the sutler's. So Saunders sallied forth in fatigue suit—overalls and coat of canvas—and he helped the others to sweep with stable brooms and to shovel up the back yards.

In the Colonel's yard he was mercifully spared meeting Madge—it would have been, he thought, the last straw—and he did not know that from behind her filmy curtain she was watching him with amusement and pity, the while she turned about on the third finger of her left hand a large solitaire ring, and wondered what he would say when he heard of her approaching marriage to the dashing young lieutenant.

Then the police party went on its way and came at last to the yard of that very lieutenant. There was a half sheet of note paper in one of the piles of dust and rubbish which had been swept up. Saunders noticed this—noticed, though it was crumpled, that the writing upon it was Madge's pointed scrawl. He picked it up and slipped it into his pocket. It was not an honest thing to do, but he did not stop to think—he only wondered what a note of hers was doing in this man's back yard and what was in it.

When he got back to the barracks he read the note. There was enough therein to make him understand that Madge—his Madge—for whom he had given up everything, for whom he had endured so much humiliation, was to be married in one week to that first lieutenant; that she was in love—desperately in love—with him, and did not hesitate to say so. Was the man in love with her? If he was, why did he crumple up and throw away a note for which Saunders would have given his very soul?

Then Saunders looked about him with eyes opened by despair. He saw at last the barrier of caste in all its height and strength; he saw what he had done, and he shuddered. There were but two ways out of this unless he waited until his enlistment were up—four and a half more years—and that he could not do. He could kill himself, but he was young, remember; it was not to be lightly done. And—he could desert. To his mind a deserter was not what it is to a man who has been long in the service—all the disgrace of it did not occur to him. If it had been explained to him he could not have grasped the full horror of it.

So he waited his chance for four days, and then "bolted," as his comrades termed it. He went away from the railway, thinking that he would put those who were sent after him off the scent, and after a day or two circle round to reach the iron road, which would lead him far from all this.

On the third day, as he trudged onward to the railroad, dodging like a hunted criminal behind every clump of mesquite or greasewood, he was overtaken, his hands tied behind him, and marched back to the post under guard.

At a turn of the road the party drew aside and waited for an ambulance to pass. The soldiers saluted the officer inside.

Saunders could not salute; his hands were tied. He knew the officer—it was the first lieutenant; he was going to the station with his bride. Madge looked out and saw the deserter—saw him and turned her head. —San Francisco Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Cinnamon kills the typhus microbe.

Children's first teeth have a great effect upon the second set.

Soap is one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection.

Substitute for glass is made from collodion wool and is flexible, not brittle.

The fiber of nettle weed is being used in the manufacture of textile fabrics.

The phosphorescence near the Cape Verde Islands is at times so bright that one can easily read the smallest print.

Spontaneous combustion occurs in many substances because during fermentation heat is evolved and inflammable gases are engendered.

A closed room is bad for sleeping, because air once breathed parts with a sixth of its oxygen, and contains an equivalent amount of carbonic gas.

The France Militaire says that the French and Spanish Governments have agreed to the boring of two railway tunnels through the Pyrenees to connect the two countries at Saint Chiron and at Oloron.

It is estimated that 12,000,000 tons of coal are used for gas making annually in England. A train of coal wagons three miles long, each wagon holding a ton, would be required to bring into London the coal for an hour's supply of gas.

That lizards will catch and eat butterflies is stated by Jane Frazer in an article in a London entomological journal. In the Samoan Islands she saw a "skipper" butterfly when lighted caught and instantly swallowed by a beautiful golden-green lizard with a bright blue tail.

A living specimen of the largest and most deadly snake known (Ophiophagus elaps) has been added to the Zoological Gardens of London. It grows twelve to fourteen feet in length, and is hooded like the cobra. It occurs in India, Burma and in the East Indian Archipelago, living in forests and jungles and readily climbing trees.

It has been discovered that microbes capable of germination exist in the ocean everywhere except at great depths. They seem to be more plentiful in the Canary, Florida and Labrador currents than elsewhere, and are not detected in the ocean bed. They are, however, plentiful at a depth of 1300 feet, and are found as far down as 3500 feet—certainly deep enough for all practical purposes. Some of these microbes are phosphorescent, and are found on the bodies of living fish.

Cheap Meals.

Two English institutions, framed in the interests of workingmen, might well be adopted in our large cities. In London, Liverpool and half a dozen other places there are located in the main streets handsome coffee palaces, where a cup of tea or coffee, with sugar and milk, and a slice of bread and butter can be obtained for three cents. There are other cookeries to which a workman takes the slice of raw meat he will bring with him from home in the morning. In the noon hours this is cooked for him on a gridiron, and he is supplied with knife, fork, salt and pepper for three cents. Six ounces of bread with butter can be added for six cents.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Fig Growing in California.

For 1891 the output of cured figs in California was 360,000 pounds. The increase since that time has not been as rapid as in other branches of production, so that it is not likely that a million pounds of merchantable figs are yet produced in that State. The quality of the product has, however, greatly improved, and the prejudice in favor of the imported article is slowly giving way, so that all conditions are favorable to an almost unlimited production.—New York World.

It is said that a photograph can be taken 500 feet under water. We have seen several that ought to be taken there.—Chicago Dispatch.

HAPPY ON THE WAY.

Partridges a-callin',
Hick'ry nuts a-fallin',
Country jest a-smilin' all around;
Cattle bells a-tinklin',
Silver frost a-sprinklin'
Spicy-like, an' sweet-nuts' all the ground!

By day, the sunshine streamin',
By night, the sweetest dreamin'—
Country jest as happy as can be!
Not a bit o' trouble—
Single—Dix an' double,
The fairy joy jest rains on you an' me!

—Youth's Companion.

THE "SULTAN" MYSTERY.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

IN the year 1860 I sailed in the ship Sultan, a vessel of seven hundred and eighty tons' burden, from the port of Liverpool, bound round the Horn to Valparaiso with a valuable general cargo. The captain was a man named Jonas Jortin. I, who went in her as chief mate, am named William Fletcher.

We carried no second officer. Often it happened in those days that even big ships sailed with what is known as an "only mate," who was supposed to comprise in himself all that was to be expected in the shape of duty and knowledge from a first and second officer.

As I, however, held no certificate as "only mate," I signed as chief, and the boatswain, a man named Benjamin Matthews, took the working part of second mate under me; that is, he relieved me when my watch was up, walked the decks and trimmed sail at his discretion. But he took no part in the navigation of the ship; indeed, I doubt if he knew what a sextant was, and I am not sure that he could read or write.

Captain Jortin was a tall, lean, long faced man, with so remarkable a fall of chin that his mouth seemed to be placed almost exactly in the middle of his face. His skin was yellow; he had followed the sea for many years, but the flesh of his cheeks reflected nothing of the glow and bronze of sun and weather.

His eyes were of a dead black, like an East Indian's, without animation in their glance, and slow in their motions.

I had been struck by the figure he made when I first boarded the ship in the docks. Nothing could less correspond with the traditional notions of the old salt, with purple nose and bow legs, eyes deep sunk by peering to windward, and a stormy voice broken by years of drink and bawling, than this master of the ship Sultan, buttoned up as he was in a coat of clerical cut, his black hair smeared smooth as though his head was painted, limp stick-up collars and long, square-toed Wellington boots.

All went well with us till we had gone clear of the northeast trade-wind and struck the "Humbugging" parallels, as they are called, where you get sheet-calms with a wide ocean white as a level ice-field, then faint draughts crawling up in the direct line of the ship's course, painting the burnished surface with the darkling shadows like huge marine spiders creeping down from the edge of the horizon. I think our latitude was between eight and ten degrees north when, what I am going to tell you about happened.

It was the second dog-watch; the hour about half-past six; the ship's yards were braced well forward, and she was rippling along to the pressure of a three-knot breathing of air, coming hot as steam from out of the glowing pavilions of the west.

It was sickeningly close, with the menace of an electric storm in a delicate winking of violet dumb lightning away down in the southeast, where the shadow of the night was gathering, with a large star already trembling low down over the sea right abeam.

A fiddle was going upon the forecastle-head. A sailor was chanting a ditty to the tune. Most of the ship's company were listening, lounging about the cathead and against the rail, pipes in mouth. Their open shirts disclosed their mosey breasts, their legs were bare to the knee for the comfort of the coolness, and their bedewed faces reflected the angry red in the west as though every man had called himself.

The captain was walking aft, alone, measuring a space of the deck from abreast of the wheel and something forward of the mizzen rigging. His gait was that of a man in a funeral procession—stiff, solemn, self-conscious.

He had not been on deck above half an hour, and in that time had not once addressed me. Not, indeed, that there was anything strange in this; mates and captains seldom converse at sea.

The master lives a life apart; and this spirit of isolation possesses the mates, insomuch that I have met officers who declared to me that throughout a round voyage running into a couple of years they scarcely exchanged more than routine sentences and messages of duty with the ship-mates aft, from the first hour of their getting their anchor to the final hour of their letting it go.

But even had Captain Jortin been sociably disposed, he was not a sort of man I could have got on with. No one with the weight of a grievous sin upon his soul could be more melancholy and austere, more abrupt and reserved.

Matthews, the boatswain, thought to explain the man by telling me he had heard before we sailed that he had lost his wife and only daughter within a week after his return from his last voyage; but the captain never mentioned the subject nor could I satisfy myself that there was any suggestion of mourning, in that way, either in his clothes or his behavior.

I had charge of the ship this dog-watch, and was standing at the head of the starboard poop ladder, listening to the music forward. Suddenly the steward came out of the cabin under the cuddy front, and looked for a moment eagerly up at me with a white face.

I called down, "What is it?" interpreting his expression of fear into something wrong. He came half-way up the ladder and said:

"Some one's been trying to scuttle the ship, I think. I can hear water running in 'twixt the wall and the linin' in the after cabin in the steerage."

I instantly ran aft and repeated the man's statement to the captain. He looked at me steadfastly with his grave, funeral black eyes, and exclaimed in a dull slow way:

"Scuttle! Nonsense, sir! Who would commit such a crime aboard this ship?" Go below with the steward, and report what you hear and see."

I was astonished by his cool reception of a piece of news that whether the steward was mistaken or not, must be charged with significance, even in the lightest, most carless whisper of it.

I straightway descended the companion-steps, and the steward followed me by way of the cuddy front. We entered the steerage, a part of the hold under the saloon or cabin deck. Four cabins were bulkheaded off on either hand. They were now used mainly as store-rooms; in their day they had been stocked with passengers, for the Sultan was an old ship, and fifteen years earlier than the date of this story had not been without renown as a brisk, comfortable, roomy "liner," with regular sailings from Blackwall for Australian ports.

We entered the after cabin on the port side and stood listening. A small heave of swell ran through the lightly wrinkled sea. Sounds of the straining of cargo in the hold were audible, and you heard now and again the sudden shock and jar of the huge rudder turning with the swell, then sharply arrested by its gear. But there was no need to harken long.

In a minute or two I distinctly heard a fountain-like running of water. It was nearly dark. I bade the steward jump for a light; he returned with a lantern, and on throwing the light against that part of the lining or inner wall, whence the trickling noise proceeded, I instantly discovered two auger-holes neatly plugged.

"Good mercy!" I shouted, in a sudden fright; "the ship has been holed, and will be sinking under our feet as we stand here."

I told the steward to remain in the cabin with the lantern, and rushed on deck, shouting for the carpenter to lay aft. Whilst Shirley was coming I reported what I had seen to the captain, who stiffened himself with a dramatic start of surprise.

Muttering in a low, solemn, preaching voice, "Is it possible? Who has done such a thing?" he went below with more alacrity than I had ever before witnessed in him.

I hastily explained the steward's discovery to the carpenter, who rushed forward to his tool-chest. He came along quickly with the boatswain, and we three went below, where we found the captain in a listening posture, viewing the plugged holes by the light of the lantern he held.

The carpenter quickly whipped the plugs out, and sure enough, in the outer side, or wall, of the ship where two holes through which the brine was gushing with a diamond-like flash in the lantern-light, as the streams arched betwixt the outer wall and the inner skin, slowly filling the hold.

The holes were promptly plugged and the well sounded. Two feet of water was made. The pumps were manned and presently sucked, proving all tight and well with the auger-holes.

There was an ominous growl of wonder and temper amongst the men as they plied the brakes or stood near, waiting to relieve the pumping gang. The captain called me and asked if I had any suspicion.

"None, sir," I answered. "I can't imagine any man aboard capable of so diabolical a crime."

He took several turns, lost in thought. I see him now, pacing abreast of me, skewered up in a sort of frock coat, hands behind him, figure erect.

The dusk had gathered around; the sky was full of brilliant stars, a hovering sheet of prisms and crystals, with a scar of young moon in the west and a great play of lightning down upon our port quarter. Presently the captain stopped and addressed me afresh; but our talk led to no other conclusion than this—that some one aboard had attempted to scuttle the ship.

All hands passed a very restless night. Captain Jortin was incessantly up and about. During the middle watch, which was mine, his shadowy figure was repeatedly shaping itself out of the companion hatch, and flitting in a ghostly fashion about the deck.

I had some earnest conversation with the boatswain and carpenter, but none of us could make head nor tail of this piece of rascality, nor in the dimmest degree conjecture who was the villain who had attempted the atrocious act.

I went below at eight bells—that is at 4 o'clock in the morning—first taking care to go the rounds of the after part of the ship, very carefully looking into each cabin and peering and listening. Somehow I had a fancy that there might be a stowaway on board, intent on a criminal purpose, in league, for all I knew, with some one interested in the vessel to defraud the underwriters. Seeing and hearing nothing I withdrew to my berth and turned in.

I slept soundly, and at eight o'clock turned out and went on deck. The first person I met was the boatswain, Matthews. He said to me: "The captain seems to have made up his mind, sir."

"On what?"

"As to the man who's holed the ship."

"Have they discovered him?"

"Jackson's in irons. That's all I can say, sir," he answered, with a singular expression of incredulity and temper in his face.

Just then the captain came out of the cuddy, and Matthews went forward.

"Mr. Fletcher," said Captain Jortin, beckoning me to him, and speaking in a low, level preaching voice, "we shall be able to prove that Jackson's the man who attempted to scuttle the ship."

"Indeed?" said I, vastly astonished. Jackson was an an able seaman in my watch. I had always found him a respectable, willing, alert sailor. "What in that man has excited your suspicion, sir?"

"I heard him muttering the other day," said he, "when he was at work on a sail stretched along this poop. Every time I passed he glanced askance at me and muttered. I don't like the man's looks. He has a hanging face. Then again, yesterday afternoon he was observed to go forward as though he was just come out of the cuddy."

"Who saw this, sir?"

"It's so," he answered, abruptly, with a short, spiritless stare at me, and then stepped to the binnacle.

In the course of that morning I asked the steward if it was true the man Jackson had been seen to walk out of the cuddy. He answered that, happening to come up through the steerage hatch, he had seen Jackson going forward close from the cuddy front as though the man had just stepped from the cuddy itself.

"Well, but," said I, "you were in the steerage, and had he been there with an auger, you'd have seen him, wouldn't you?"

"I don't think it was him that did it," said the man.

I looked hard at him; for to be sure, if the thing was not the work of a stowaway—of some one hidden in the steerage—it must at least be the act of a person living aft with access, without suspicion, to the cabins.

Well, nothing happened for three days after this. Then, as I well remember, it being a very beautiful, glowing forenoon watch, the wind a light breeze aft, and the ship swaying upon the delicate pulse of swell with scarce more than steerage way on her, the carpenter came from the pumps, where he had been sounding the well, and standing under the break of the poop, with the sounding-bell in his hand, called up to me:

"There's three foot of water in the hold, sir!"

The steward was on the main deck when this was said, and instantly ran into the cuddy. The captain was walking aft. I bawled the news to him, and added that if the ship had not been scuttled afresh she had sprung a leak.

He told me to call the carpenter on to the poop; and just then the steward, white as a sheet, came rushing up the companion-steps, crying out, as he sprang through the hatch, that he could hear the water running into the ship in the same cabin where the holes had before been discovered.

The captain ran below as stiffly as his stiff, angular figure would permit. I and the boatswain and carpenter and steward followed. On entering the cabin we immediately heard a loud noise of cascading waters.

It was high morning, and there was plenty of light. This time the would-be scuttler had given himself as little trouble as possible; he had simply knocked out the plugs from the ship's side, leaving the holes in the skin open.

The carpenter rushed forward for tools and a broom-handle to serve as plugs. Once again the leak was stopped, and as on the former occasion, on our returning on deck the pumps were manned and the hold freed from water.

But now the sailors grumbled furiously. First they insisted on Jackson being released; next on the ship being narrowly searched.

From ten o'clock till four bells in the afternoon watch we were employed in overhauling the vessel. We probed every nook and cranny of her from the forepeak to the lazaret, diligently seeking likewise for any signs of a hidden man in the steerage—all to no purpose. The villain, whoever he was, must certainly be one of the ship's company.

For my part, I suspected the steward, and so did Shirley, the carpenter; Matthews did not know what to think. The captain stalked apart, gloomy and silent.

That evening, in the first dog-watch, I was in my cabin smoking a pipe, turning over in my mind some scheme for protecting our lives by stationing a watch day and night aft, and wondering if Captain Jortin would see his way to some arrangement of this sort, when the steward knocked on my door and walked in.

The fellow addressed me civilly, with an air of reluctance and astonishment.

He said Captain Jortin had just given him instructions to lock me up in my cabin, where I was to consider myself as under arrest, on suspicion of attempting to scuttle the ship. My meals would be served regularly. "I'm sorry, sir," added the fellow, "to have to do this duty."

So saying, he closed and locked the door, and I heard him withdraw the key.

I sprang from my bunk, put my pipe down, and stood overwhelmed with surprise and consternation. To be merely suspected of such a crime was to be professionally ruined.

I thought the captain must be mad to lock me up without first charging me. Why did not he confront me and accuse me in the presence of others, and give me a chance to prove my innocence? Those holes had been bored by an anger; an anger is a tool not very readily concealed in a small cabin. Why had not the captain caused my berth to be searched?

Since I knew that I was an innocent man, I cannot express how great was my grief and wrath as I paced the deck of my cabin that was now my prison, wondering with a burning heart and with throbbing brows who the real offender could be—whether it was indeed the steward, as I now perhaps in my temper was the more willing to suppose; whether, if the ship was actually sunk under our feet, as was threatened by the mysterious villain who had twice subtly sought to drown her hold, the crew would remember that I lay a helpless prisoner, locked up in my berth?

I think it was about half-past 8 when the steward unlocked the door and entered with a tray of food, some cool water and a few gills of rum in a pannikin.

He seemed very shy in his manner, and was for making haste. I bade him tell the captain I was an innocent man, and begged for an interview. He promised to deliver my message.

"And I will ask you," said I, "to remember, should they sound the well and find the ship taking in water, that I am locked up here and helpless."

He said: "Ay, ay, sir," and left the cabin, turning and withdrawing the key as before.

Captain Jortin did not come near me. All that night I lay awake. All next day I awaited a visit from him with consuming impatience. Nobody came to me but the steward, who thrice in the day brought me a meal.

On the evening of the third day of my imprisonment I was startled out of a nap by a disturbance in the cuddy outside. I heard a tramp of feet and the growling sound of seamen's voices. I thought a mutiny had happened, and listened with my heart beating hard in my ears.

Presently my door was struck upon, and the handle violently tried. Then the voice of Matthews bawled for the steward to bring the key. In a few minutes the door was flung open.

Matthews stood in the doorway; at least two-thirds of the ship's company were massed round about him.

"Come out, sir," said the boatswain; "we've discovered who's been trying to sink the ship."

"Who?"

"As I live to tell yer, it's the captain himself!" cried Matthews, bringing his right fist into the palm of his left hand with a mighty report.

Half a dozen voices wanted to deliver the yarn at once. I got it clearly from the carpenter, but I was thunderstruck whilst I listened.

Half an hour before this time the steward had observed the captain come out of his berth and enter the steerage. There was something strange in his walk and aspect. The flush of the sunset was upon the skylight; the steward saw very plainly.

The captain concealed something that resembled a large parcel under the breast of his coat. The steward resolved to follow him, saw him go into the cabin where the auger-holes had been bored, and by the very faint light in that interior observed him produce an auger from under his coat and apply the tool to the plugged orifices. The extraordinary part was that the motions of the captain were those of an automaton.

The steward fled on deck. The boatswain was in charge of the ship; he shouted to some of the crew to follow him as witnesses, and they rolled in a body into the steerage, where they found the captain coolly and mechanically boring away with his anger.

They seized him; and now it was they discovered, so they said, that the man was acting in his sleep!

This at least was the opinion of those who witnessed his behavior when he was seized. He cried out like one violently awakened, and swore he did not know where he was nor what he was doing. The men conveyed him to his cabin, locking him up in it, and then came to me.

To end this singular experience: The crew insisted upon my taking command, and practically forced me to navigate the vessel to Buenos Ayres. They would not suffer me to free the captain, who they feared would serve them some diabolical trick if I gave him his liberty.

As for him, he solemnly declared over and over again to me that he knew not what he had done, and that he had a trick of walking in his sleep.

On the arrival of the ship I went to the British Consul with my report, and he thought proper to take charge of Captain Jortin with a view of sending him to England in a British man-of-war that was then lying at Buenos Ayres. The Consul shook his head when I talked of sleep walking. He said:

"He must have brought the anger abroad with him; it formed no part of the carpenter's tool chest. Next, the ship was scuttled in daylight; I cannot somehow reconcile somnambulism with sunshine."

It was to remain a mystery, however, to the end. I was detained at Buenos Ayres by a number of our men running, and before the ship sailed the news came aboard that Captain Jortin had been found dead in his bed. The doctors found that he had died from apoplexy.

Thus the mystery remains. It never could be shown that the unfortunate man had any motive in scuttling the ship. He had no risk in her; but his command of her was a living to him, and the foundering of the vessel could only have proved an injury to himself.

Possibly madness was the true solution, though it does not quite explain, to my satisfaction, why it was that he went to sea with an auger in his cabin.
—Youth's Companion.

Killed the Father of Rattlers.

The largest rattlesnake ever killed possibly in the entire State of Georgia was killed Saturday afternoon in the East Macon district. It had twenty-two rattles and a button, making it twenty-three years old. It measured a fraction over five feet in length. Nobody can be found to have heard of a rattler twenty-three years old. A snake that carries fourteen or sixteen rattles and a button is considered a monster in these parts, and is looked upon with most respectful bearing. The men had quite an exciting time killing the snake. None of them dared go within several lengths of him, and when he shook his mighty bunch of rattles the noise was awful, and struck terror to the hearts of the spectators, causing them each time to retreat farther. They finally dispatched him with a long pole.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Wild Ride on a Deer.

Dr. and Mrs. Derby, of Riverside, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Leonard, of Moreno, recently. Dr. Derby is an expert hunter, and when Mr. Leonard mentioned that there were deer in the hills back of his ranch his friend was eager for a hunt.

After tramping the hills for several hours they started a deer. The doctor fired and the animal dropped. Elated over the prospect of having killed a deer the hunter pulled his knife, threw his leg over the animal and grasped one of its horns. No sooner had the knife pricked the skin than it jumped to its feet and started bounding over the grade, the astonished hunter on its back.

Mr. Leonard at last found his friend in a sumac bush, head downward, his clothes tattered and torn. It seems that the shot had only stunned the buck, and the prick of the knife had revived it.—Moreno (Cal.) Indicator.

The Head-Hunting Nagas.

Professor Peal, the ethnologist, recently described to the Asiatic Society the condition of the head-hunting Nagas on the borders of Assam. The women are to blame for the continuance of the practice; they taunt the young men who are not tattooed, and the latter go out and cut off heads to exhibit to them, fully half of which are those of women and children. The area occupied by the tribe is not more than twenty miles square, but in it during the past forty years more than twelve thousand murders have been committed for the sake of these ghastly trophies.—Chicago Herald.

The largest and most beautiful emerald in the world is in the possession of the Maharajah Ki Koo, of India. It is six inches in length, one inch thick and two inches in width.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Jan. 25, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year $1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

TEACHER: "Illustrate the difference between 'acclimation' and 'acclamation?' "

PUPIL: "Mr. Elkins had hardly become acclimated to the climate of West Virginia, before he was elected Senator by acclamation in the West Virginia Legislature."

TEACHER: "Right, go up head!"

OLD WAITE, is the best name we can give to the man of "bloody bridle" fame. He has a lecture entitled, "Who is our Fat Friend," in which the chastened Grover Cleveland is done up in great style. Dana, Waite, and ourself are three who have not been well pleased with the way things have been going.

OF course every one was sorry to hear that Mayor Strong, of New York, opened the saloons on Sunday, but when we found he had done it without consulting Dr. Parkhurst, we were more than glad. When the good man heard it he was hurt and grieved, and virtually said that he had thought that he was the power behind the throne that was running New York. This comes as a blow to the Democratic Prohibitionists who supported Mayor Strong on the grounds that he would knock out rum. This is a split in the faction within the first month of its reign.

A Native Product.

A short time since the writer attended a public meeting held at night—as is usual in country meetings we may have lingered as the crowd broke up to catch one more sweet smile, any way we were startled to hear some wild yells outside the building which fairly made the house tremble. It sounded like a band of Comache Indians, who are noted for their disagreeably loud yells. On rushing out we found that this unseemla noise came from an unfortunate class of young animals, known as bumpkins (*genus idiotis*), all members of which have much in common.

By a little thought and research we were able to find out a good deal about the bumpkin. It is a terror in country neighborhoods, where the law against disturbing public meetings is not rigidly enforced. It is a young man who is just trembling in the balance between making a tolerably decent citizen or a regular outcast. The bumpkins herd together, insult passers, are not only inattentive at church, but absolutely noisy, and take every opportunity of thrusting themselves into notice. By-and-by half of them will have become so criminal that they will behave themselves in public, and the other half will groan inwardly when they think what fools they once were. To be on the safe side a boy should "keep it down," for to be a bumpkin is to be noisy and loud, and to pass in the eyes of those around him as an awkward, rustic nuisance.

On Competition.

"There once was two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they quarreled and spit, and they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails and the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats there wern't any."

Longing is God's first heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.—*Lowell.*

The Legislature.

The Democrats complain that they are placed on the Committees without regard to their fitness for the work. Thus a school teacher is refused a place on the Committee of Education, and an eminent financier is kept of that committee because he is a Democrat. They have given our own representative places on Committees pertaining to the Penitentiary and Railroads. Now the penitentiary is all right and the labor of this committee will not be much, but it does seem like a burlesque to place a member from this delegate district on the the Railroad Committee, when there is not a foot of road in the whole of it. They discriminate against the Democrats.

After a heated contest, Senator Camden was afforded the honor of being the Democratic nominee for United States Senator, with Wm. L. Wilson a close second. The other nominations were St. Clair and J. E. Chilton. E. W. Wilson was rewarded for his work for the party in the last campaign by some very pretty resolutions, for which he will please receipt.

Our flat-footed Senator has gotton his name and picture into the Cincinnatti papers, and has introduced two bills; for the establishment of a preparatory school at Montgomery, to fit boys for the University, and to found a hospital for invalids at Alderson.

They are making great efforts to change some of the Judicial Districts. Private information says that in one bill Pocahontas, Webster, and Randolph form one district. Then the cry arose among us, who would be judge? All minds were directed to Randolph County, and the resident lawyers there were discussed, but with all due respect to the Beverly bar, we came right back to Marlinton again without having found a judge. A change is not apprehended for several good reasons.

Congressman-elect Dayton is endeavoring to have Upshur County tacked on to his district. It is to be hoped that he will succeed.

The new county of Mingo, formed of a part of Logan, has a hard time of it to become established. Two towns wish to become the county-seat, and this is a disease that will go hard with an infant.

House Bill No. 80 relates to sawdust being thrown into streams. One of the biggest cases at our last term of court dealt with this question.

The school law has come up for consideration of course. One bill makes attendance one half of the time compulsory. There is to be a kind of constable called the truant officer who is empowered to look under the bed, behind the bureau, in the smoke-house, etc., in his search for truants. The parents are liable to a fine of $2 to $10, and are required to give bond for their compliance with the law. Another bill makes it compulsory on Boards of Education to lay levies each year for a six months school.

Among the remarkable array of bills it is not to be wondered that they have even introduced one to electrocute all criminals sentenced to death. We may have an electric plant in Pocahontas yet.

The first bill to pass both houses and become a law was the one providing for the election of special criminal judges when the regular judge is absent.

On the whole this Legislature is choking the wheels with a great multitude of bills, and getting into a muddle from which it could not extricate itself were it to have ten times the time to do it in that it actually has. An enormous lot of bills will have amounted to nothing when the honorable members reluctantly leave the capitol to return to their homes.

Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas Moore,
To him must needs be given,
Who heareth heresy, and leaves
The heretic to Heaven.—*Whittier.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Thomson's Magistrate's Manual and Forms

has been Revised to this date and the Second Edition, just printed, contains about Three Hundred Forms, which should be in the hands of every Lawyer, Justice, Constable, Notary and business man of West Virginia. It contains forms in Civil and Criminal proceedings under the Code of West Virginia for Justices of the Peace, Constables' etc., and Forms for Attachments, Suggestions, Judgments, Arbitration, Unlawful Detainer, Detinue, Acknowledgments, Deeds, Bill of Sale, Power of Attorney, Notices, Depositions, Bonds, Wills, Affidavits, Liens, etc.

The Forms are numbered consecutively, and in a copius index are referred to under appropriate captions, all references being by section and chapter to the Code of West Virginia(1891) and the Acts since then.

The volume will be delivered prepaid by mail or express, on receipt of One dollar, net.

MARCELLUS M. THOMSON, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN, Marlinton, W. Va.

Notice.

I will be at Marlinton, at the McLaughlin House, January 30th, 31st and February 1st and 2d for the purpose of examining eyes and fitting spectacles and eyeglasses. I have a complete outfit for making examinations and can furnish spectacles to suit any person's eyes. All examinations free of charge.

I am also prepared for mending all kinds of fine Jewelry, watches, and clocks. All my work guaranteed. J. A. LOWE.

The Sole

purpose of this advertisement is to call your attention to the remarkable wearing qualities of our well-known driving shoes.

THE SOLE

will outwear any $6.50 shoe on the market, and you will never again be troubled with corns; the result of ill-fitting foot-gear. Why pay more. For sale only by

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Important to You-

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone bone-spavin curb pollevil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every discription, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinks of contagious diseases. Address,

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, w va.,

Get the News at the Lowest Price.

THE DAILY GAZETTE, Charleston W. Va., will give all the Legislative proceedings and all other important happenings besides. Price only twenty-five cents per month. The WEEKLY GAZETTE only fifty cents a year. Cash with order is the way to get it. Address, THE GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

Justice's blanks fifty cents per hundred. All job work neatly done.

LOVE is a game at which both players always cheat.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudermilk and Susan J. Loudermilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of $167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Ronceverte, Ronceverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudermilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudermilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. W. Beverage and Fant Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. w. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudermilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 490, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Jan. 25, 1895. Trustee.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1 [illegible]m

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE LOT NEAR MARLINTON.

BY VIRTUE of a deed of trust executed by C. Z. Hevner and S. E. Hevner his wife to S. L. Brown, trustee; dated on the 25th day of July, 1894, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed book, No. 25, on page 351, to secure the payment of a certain bond executed by said C. Z. Hevner, for $30 with interest thereon from the 7th day July, 1894, payable to T. W. G French, which bond is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required in writing so to do, by said T. W. G. French, the beneficiary under said deed of trust, I, S. L. Brown, as trustee aforesaid, will on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1895,

between the hours 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. at the front door of the courthouse of said county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, proceed to sell by way of public auction, to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said debt, interest, and costs attending the execution of this trust, said real estate lying and being in the said county of Pocahontas near the town of Marlinton, on the Marlin's Bottom and Lewisburg turnpike, consisting of two and 1-6 acres of land, conveyed to said C. Z. Hevner by one William Killingsworth, and wife, by deed dated the 5th day of May, 1894, and recorded in said clerk's office, in Deed Book no 25, page 267, to which deed reference is here made for a more particular discription of said land.

Said tract of land is unimproved but would make a good building site.

S. L. BROWN, Trustee.
ANDREW PRICE, January 9th, 1894.
Attorney.

Commissioner's Notice.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, *et als.*
in Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 24th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on Friday, the 15th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report to the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. An account showing all the existing liens against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, dignities, and priorities.

Second. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

Third. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATTON,
[1-11-'95-4t] Commissioner.

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of R. H. Simmons.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 15th day of February 1895.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895. W. A. BRATTON.
[1-11-95-4t.] Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic, Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.
George C. Hill's Adm'r.
vs.
Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to-wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo*, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, deceased, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend. L. M. MCCLINTIC,
1-11-4t. Commissioner.

HOME NEWS

—Dr. C. W. Eskridge has been appointed post master at Academy.

—Died: at Huttonsville, January 16th, Mrs. Hutton, aged mother of Col. Elihu Hutton.

—Mr. S. M. Gay is putting Dr. McClintic's cherry on the river bank at the Levi Gay wharf.

—The highest winds of the season prevailed last Friday night, smashing the glass front of the drug store.

—Mr. Withrow McClintic has just returned from a business trip to Ronceverte and Covington. On his return he came from Ronceverte to his home in eight hours.

—The New market Riding and Driving association, of Mingo, will have a steeple chase, on point to point race, on February 15th. The highest jump will be over a barrier of about five feet.

—Capt. Reake piloted an immense raft past Marlinton last Tuesday evening for Callison and Dr. McClintic. Quite a number of rafts have been tied up near the Falling Spring dam the past week waiting for a suitable tide.

—Hard! What is hard? To beat my prices.—Easy! What is easy? To secure the bargains I am offering in Ladies' Wraps and Hats, Gents' Overcoats and Suits.
P. Golden.

—Porter Kellison and John Atkins about a year since leased a piece of land on Buck's Run for six years, built a comfortable cabin, raised an excellent crop of corn, and one of the best gardens in the community. One head of cabbage weighed 27 lbs. The tomatoes were very fine. So these young men are keeping bachelor's hall on good and full rations.

—Last week a fox driven desperate by hunger came right into this town and captured a chicken which was roosting in its owner's back yard. He returned the second night and pulled the tail feathers out of an old hen. The old hen seemed mortified to death the next day. Judging from his track, the fox was a big one.

—The town has two rival literary societies which are both flourishing. The members of the younger society, waylaid, and snowballed the president of the older society last Friday night. He took refuge in a convenient law office, and was kept treed until two o'clock next morning. It is exceeding painful to be snowballed on a dark night, when you are carrying a lantern.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. R. M. Beard, agent for the "Peerless Feed Grinder," found in another column. This is a machine which is selling like wildfire. It grinds any grain and will make good corn meal or crush corn in ear. With it Mr. C. E. Beard prepares feed for over a hundred head of cattle. Farmers can save the amount of cost in mill toll the first year.

—Mr. John Levisay, near Frankfork, died last Thursday at an advanced age, of general debility. He was a person highly esteemed in all the relations of life. For many years he was a conscientious member of the Presbyterian church. Mrs. Dr. Sydenstricker and Mrs. Dr. Larue, of Hillsboro, are his daughters, and Mr. Allan Levisay, so well known about Marlinton, is one of his surviving brothers.

—The *Greenbrier Independent* has had some articles on the subject of protecting skunks. The argument in its favor are that it eats grubs and other enemies of grain and grass, which are set off partially by its habits of raiding the chicken-house. If natural history goes for any thing, the skunks on the whole is the farmer's good friend though its habits do not commend it to be taken into his house otherwise than figuratively. The reason its extermination is feared is because the skin of a polecat is worth about a dollar, if it be naturally black, and the hunter can black the white ones. A law against the killing of the animal would be easily enforced. The scent would be harder to eradicate than the stain of human blood, and the prisoner could be brought into court reeking with the smell, where the jury would convict him without leaving the box.

—From the following local from the Hinton *Independent-Herald* it seems that none of the St. Lawrence Company's logs passed out into New River at the breaking of a part of the boom by the ice:

"A telegram was received here last Friday by Mr. Clarke James, stating that the Ronceverte boom had broken and 15,000 logs were coming down with the current. A great many of our boatmen, anxious to earn the 40 cents each offering for their capture built large fires along the bank and sat up all night to await their coming. Alas! not a log came. Presumably they had all been stopped at Lowell and other points above. Several of our citizens earned quite neat little sums that day and the day before as the result of their skill in log catching and boating."

—For sale by E. H. Moore & Co., Academy, W. Va., corn, wheat and oats at the very lowest price for spot cash. Salt, $2.25; Arbuckle Coffee, 25c; Coal Oil, 18c; Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs for $1.00; Calicoes, 5 to 7cts; Gingham, 5 to 10cts; Best cotton, 8c; Cotton yarn 85cts a bale; Honey Drip Syrup, 45cts per gallon. Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes as low as the lowest. Every thing else in proportion.

—The first impressions of children who have never seen snow are often very comical. Mr. F. Hubbell, whose little daughter Fannie, a bright little girl of about four, is a citizen of the State of Mississippi. When she first saw the snow she ran to her mother to come and see the "Sugar on the roof."

—Died: on Swago, Saturday, the 19th, inst., John Wiford, aged 57 years. He leaves a widow and four young children to mourn his loss. He was a member of the Methodist Protestant church, and was buried at Bethel church Monday afternoon. Services by Revs. Hart and Price.

Personal.

Capt. Smith is jollier than ever, since the company came out so well with the ice and logs.

Mr Peter Hill, of Jacox, did not call at this office last week. No, not at all! But he sent in two dollars on subscription, and that answered the purpose every bit as well.

Mr. Levi Gay is a man after our own heart. He supports this paper by taking quite a club list of subscribers, and ever and anon he contributes towards "the success of the Times."

Dr. McClintic, and Wm. Callison, Esq., were here on Monday.

J. E. Barlow, Esq., of Edray, was in Marlinton on business as administrator of the Josiah Barlow estate.

Mr. T. McClintic, treasurer of Bath County, is visiting his brother, Dr. McClintic, at Academy.

Mr. Forrest Beard, of Academy, was in town on Tuesday.

Messrs. N. J. Brown and E. I. Holt made a business trip to Marlinton on Tuesday.

Youth and beauty enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. H. A. Yeager on the evening of the 23rd. Dancing and other amusements made up the attractions and all spent a most delightful time.

J. A. Riley, Esq, of Green Bank, was in our town on Wednesday.

Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, passed on his way to visit his daughter Mrs. McNeel who is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Coal on Locust Creek.

All the geologists will be thunderstruck to learn that coal has been found on the river ridges of the Greenbrier River, near Locust Creek, in the lower end of the county. According to all their lore we might as well expect to find coal up a tree. Mr. T. F. Callison, of Locust, has been using a most excellent quality of coal which is found on the ridge overlooking the Greenbrier, the surface of which is covered with oak trees and laurel brakes. The thickest vein is about thirty inches. The proof of the coal is in its burning, which it does nicely, it being the principal fuel used by Mr. Callison this winter. Heretofore we were told that there was no coal in Pocahontas save on her Western boundary and that on the top of the highest knobs.

Hillsboro.

There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood at present.

Mrs. Bettie Burgess, wife of Mr. Wm. H. Burgess, of this place, died on the 15th, inst. of consumption, aged 62 years. During the last week of her illness she suffered intensely, but bore it with surprising fortitude. She was a member of the M. E. Church South, an Exemplary Christian, a devoted wife, a kind and loving mother, possessing many noble qualities of mind and heart, she stood high in the estimation of all who knew her. The bereaved husband and children have the sympathy of the whole community in their affliction.

Little Charley son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Kinnison died on last Friday morning aged about 3 years.

"Gone! from a world of pain and woe,
Gone! from death—from sin's alloy.
Gone! from templations wiles and oh!
Gone! Gone! from grief to endless joy."

Mattie Tibbs wife of Howard Tibbs (Col.) gave birth to a male child on the 15th, who lived until the next day and died.

On Wednesday the 16th, at the residence of James Goff near here, Mr. Wm. Pritt and Earnie Blankenship, were united in marriage by the Rev. A. C. Hamill. May they safely weather life's tempestuous sea.

Mr. Madison Woods, living on Hill's Creek does not have the trouble of putting up ice; a short distance from his house there is a large cave, the entrance to which is perhaps 20 feet wide, and 6 feet high; running through it there is a small stream of water also some pools of water which freeze solid during extremely cold weather making a large quanity of good ice which does not entirely melt away until the latter part of July. This cave has the usual complement of "domes" "chambers" "passages" "pits" etc. and in point of smoothness and uniformity of the same rivals all the caves in that section of country.

Mrs. Mary Sydenstricker and Mrs. Lillian Larue left for Frankford on last Friday morning to attend the burial services of their father Mr. John Livesay who died on the 18th, inst.

Mr. Wm. Hultz while chopping wood last week made a misslick and cut an ugly gash in his left foot.

Our Post Mistress, Mrs. A. S. Clark whose efficient management of the post office has often been the subject of remark, was removed recently because of her political views, and C. W. Eskridge appointed in her stead.

The Free School closed here on last Friday. "Jenkins.

Dunmore.

Cold and slickery.

We have on the sick list Miss Lena McLaughlin, Mrs. N. D. Sweeker, Mrs. Geo. N. Tacy, and Mr Ellis Curry. Dr. Austin is rendering medical aid.

Judge Moore leaves to-day for Clifton Forge, to be gone a month or so.

The little boys have had quite a bit of fun the last week or two, sliding down the hills. Judge Moore says it is not a violation of the constitution for a boy to slide down a hill and tear the seat out of his pants; provided the old man does not take him to the wood-shed and talk to him with a bed slat. It is a little hard on the bed-slat sometimes.

Mr. Ed Kline moved this week to Frost. This leaves an empty house and blacksmith shop in town.

Rev. John A. Taylor has turned out to be a fireman, he is now firing an engine.

Prof. J. T. Miller was in town last week. He will return in the spring and teach a singing school or two.

Prof. Samuel Adams has a singing class at Green Bank.

Mr. Wash Oliver was out to Beverly last week with a wagon. He had to shovel snow one day on Cheat Mountain.

Mr. Q. W. Poage was among our people last week looking after the horny tribe.

Miss Josie S. Walker closed her school here last week, and will return to her home in Lynchburg soon.

Wanted: some merchant in the Green Bank District to buy a stock of cross cut saw files; say one-half dozen. Tim.

How true the saying of Carlyle: "All honest men will bear watching. It is the rascals who cannot stand it."

The Problem Department.

To use a homely but very suggestive expression, the editor of this department "busted" on a certain problem given recently. That problem was "What two numbers have for their product 353,925, and for their sum 1,254?" Owing to a typographical error, Mr. S. C. Austin of the Lewisburg Graded School answered that the problem was not capable of solution from the numbers given. Not knowing that the difficulty was occasioned by an error of the compositor, we blithely declared that it could not be solved except by guesswork, and so implicitly are we trusted that ninety nine of a hundred of our readers didn't know but what we were right. It turns out, though, that it is "an example of quadratic equations" from solutions received from Mr. Austin and from Mr. Richard K. Meade, the able journalist in the employ of the Hinton *Independent-Herald*, and Mr. James Barnett, of Driftwood.

We have on our table a number of lengthy solutions of which we despair of giving any thing but the answers.

Mr. H. C. Correll, of the Lewisburg Graded School, sends us the solution by algebra, and Mr. J. B. White, one of our veteran teachers the solution by arithmetic of the two problems given in our last:

1. Three men own a grindstone, 2 feet 8 inches in diameter: how much must each grind off to get an equal share, allowing 6 inches waste for the aperture? Ans. 2.822 in, 3.621 in., and 6.557 in.

2. A, B, and C. are joint owners of a farm. C's share is worth $400, A's share is ½ of B's, and the sum of their shares is 6 8 the value of the farm. Find the value of the shares held by A and B. Ans. A's share, $300; B's share, $900.

In answer to the first problem, in which the heirs of every man who owns a grindstone must be vitally interested, a man who was evidently suffering from an "unknown quantity" of something, suggests that we weigh the grindstone and each grind off his number of pounds. This appeals to the editor's sense of fitness.

Mr. Wallace Jackson, of Marlinton, and Miss Emma Burner, of Green Bank, also send correct solutions to the first problem above.

We are going to change the name of this department to that of the "Want Column," under which we propose to ask those famous questions which "a wise man can't answer," and to fight a little more shy of mathematics.

Clover Lick.

News scarce, but snow in plenty.

Sunday of the 13th, was cold. Thermometer 16° below the cold place. Godfrey Geiger says the mercury in his thermometer was frozen up in a ball.

Mr. P. Golden passed on his way to Linwood. He was accompanied by J. H. Doyle. The road across the mountain is difficult to travel and must be opened up.

Mr. Frank Hamilton passed the other day with a large drove of hogs, which he butchered. This pork is for sale.

We are glad to note that Mr. Mac McAlpin, the old gentleman, is improving slowly.

Mr. Phil Kramer, and J. H. Doyle captured two raccoons from one tree the other day.

Mr. Levi Beverage, and Henry Waugh dug five polecats from one den, and left the sixth one in. Fur buyers should come to Clover creek for we Democrats intend to make the fur fly.

Mr. John Beverage killed three fox-hounds the other day, two of Capt. Allen's, and one of Dr. Ligon's, which were killing his sheep.

John Shinneberry, and Howard Meeks had sheep killed, by Mr. Meek's dogs. The dogs were killed. Burnett Hambrick killed his dogs for killing sheep.

Robt. Beverage caught a fox with his hounds last week.
Pumpkinhead

The Coming Woman.—Minneapolis women who are going to vote this fall should remember that they cannot use a hat pin to scratch a ballot with.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"Are you going to vote the straight ticket, dear." "The straight ticket? Do you mean to say that any of them are cut on the bias?"—*Indianapolis Journal*

Information Wanted.

The following from Rev. A. C. Hamill will explain itself:

Information wanted in regard to Ballard Brown who was a soldier in the Confederate army during the late war, and who died near the "Little Levels" in Pocahontas county, at the home of a widow lady by the name of either McCoy, or McClintic. The object of this inquiry is to ascertain if possible the place of his burial and locate his grave. Any one able to give information in regard to this, will please communicate with me at Academy, Pocahontas county, W. Va.
A. C. Hamill.

Green Bank.

We are having very changable weather this winter, which is very unhealthy, but the health of this part of the county is good.

Mrs. George Tacy, of Back Alleghany, is on the sick list, Dr. Austin attending physician.

Mr. Wardell Arbogast came home last week from Front Royal where he had been attending school, on account of fever in the school.

Mr. H. Nathan, of Academy, was in this vicinity, this week a few days buying cattle and sheep.

Mrs. W. H. Hull is able to be out about the house a little.

Mr. Ellis Curry has been confined to his room for some time with rheumatism, but is better at this writing. C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Notice!

To my Patrons of Edray and Vicinity:—I wish to say I am better prepared at present to meet your wants in everything that pertains to the merchantile trade than I ever was while in business at Edray, and will make it to your advantage to come to Marlinton to trade with me. I will make special bargains to repay you for your extra trouble.

Thanking you for your past patronage, and solicing a continuance of same, I remain, yours anxious to please, P. Golden,
Marlinton W. Va.

Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Turk, Trustee, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jannie B. Skiles, *et als.*, def'ts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Jannie B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for $500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for $500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven months after date, with interest after ninety days from date;

One for $500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty-nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Jannie B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, as of April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and are estimated to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Jannie B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Baldwin are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 7th day of January, 1895. J. H. Patterson,
R. S. Turk. p. q. Clerk.

DIPHTHERIA CURE.

WONDERFUL NEW REMEDY FOR A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

Dr. Roux, the French Savant, Tells How the Serum of the Blood of Horses Has Saved Thousands of Human Lives in France.

IN a comfortable laboratory, flooded with sunshine, in the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a New York World correspondent found Dr. Roux, who is the hero of the hour from the fact that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria.

His dark, serious face lighted up with a winning smile as the correspondent saluted him as "the man who is saving 30,000 lives a year in France alone."

"Pardon," he said, quickly, "you exaggerate. It is true that diphtheria and croup claim more than 30,000 victims every year in this country. It is also true that out of 118 children whom I have recently treated for one or the other of those terrible maladies I have saved 116. That is, we think, a very pretty reduction of the mortality from the old rates."

"It is so wonderful that the mothers of France ought to build you a monument of gold."

The smile swept over the dark face again. "Yet we are only on the threshhold of success. At the Trousseau Hospital, where the mortality among the children used to be sixty-three per cent.—think of it, monsieur, sixty-three per cent.—it has been reduced since the introduction of our treatment of diphtheria and croup to twenty-four per cent.

"At the Hospital of the Enfants Malades," continued the doctor, "where I have been experimenting with my—shall I call it my discovery?—for three years, the average mortality has been lowered from eleven to one per cent. This is a good confirmation of the value of our remedy."

The young savant's face was now aglow with enthusiasm. Here was a man who took as much pride in saving life as successful generals take in destroying it.

The World correspondent asked Dr. Roux to tell how he came upon the astonishing and beneficent discovery. "Tell how it is that you, pupil of the great Pasteur, have gone ahead of your master. If I were he I could find it in my heart to be jealous of you!"

The Doctor held up his hand with the mock Parisian gesture of dissent. "Pasteur could not be jealous. He is too grandly simple for that. He rejoices in the success of his pupils as much as in his own. And he enjoys his own solely because it is of benefit to humanity. Besides, we owe all that we have and are to him. It is by following his methods that we have at last come upon a new truth, which certainly will save great numbers of lives. In America diphtheria is a great scourge, I have heard. Well, the serum treatment cannot fail to be of immense advantage there."

"Briefly, what do you claim?"

"I will repeat substantially what I said at the Medical Congress at Budapest the other day. My co-workers, MM. Martin and Chaillou, and I, maintain, after a series of careful experiments extending through three years, that by the use of the serum separated from the blood of horses which have been previously vaccinated against diphtheria we have succeeded in lowering in such large proportion the mortality of children attacked by diphtheria or croup, that the malady may be considered as conquered. We are beyond preadventure now. But what we wish specially to do is to impress upon the minds of mothers everywhere the need of flying at once to the remedy, the moment the diphtheria declares itself. Otherwise we shall continue to have such discouraging results as at the Trousseau Hospital.

"This is what should be done," he went on. "When a child complains of a sore throat an examination should be instantly made. If the mucous surface shows little white spots scattered over it a physician should be called without delay. The white spots may be indications of a simple quinzy, or they may be the first symptoms of croup.

"In either case, the physician should at once give the child a subcutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheric serum. If the attack is one of quinzy simply, the remedy will do no harm. If it is diphtheria, the serum will infallibly effect a cure."

"Infallibly?"

"I have just told you that the statistics at the Hospital of the Enfants Malades show that since the use of the serum in diphtheria cases where there is no complication with other maladies, the average of mortality has been lowered from eleven to one per cent. Contrast this with nearly seventy per cent. of mortality where the old-fashioned treatment alone is used."

Dr. Roux is deeply in earnest. "Give us just the chance that we ought to have—fair play against the disease," he says, "and we will conquer it every time."

The correspondent remarked that diphtheria is a disease about which every mother has a different theory.

"There are many vulgar errors concerning it," said the Doctor. "Nine times out of ten diphtheria does not kill, as is generally supposed by suffocation. The false membranes which develop at the back of the throat rarely cause total obstruction of the respiratory canal, and even if they did, tracheotomy could save the patent.

DRAWING BLOOD FROM THE JUGULAR OF A HORSE.

INOCULATING AN INFANT DIPTHERIA PATIENT WITH THE SERUM.

"But the diphtheritic microbe, which swarms on these false membranes, secretes a poison that, sooner or later, according to the virulence of the attack, must contaminate the blood. My pupil Yersin and I claim to have been the first to discover this 'toxine,' and to have proved that diphtheria patients die from poisoning.

"Now, the subcutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheritic serum confers immediate immunity, but acts as an antidote only at the end of several hours, so that if the ravages of the 'toxine' are too far advanced (and this is pretty generally the case among poor children here when the family doctor says that the attack has become to serious for him and that the patient must go to the hospital), the remedy

DR. ROUX.

is given in vain. Neither must it be supposed that the serum has any power to cure other diseases which the sufferer may have concurrently with diphtheria."

"How did you happen to hit upon the serum of the blood of the horse as a remedy for diphtheria?"

"We never come upon anything by chance, here," answered Dr. Roux. "Everything is the result of patient, even wearisome research. I first became connected with Pasteur when he was experimenting with a view to the discovery of the anti-hydrophobic vaccine. Naturally we experimented upon all kinds of animals, and I came on some facts about the horse which led me later to choose that animal as the one for the anti-diphtheria experiments. Then came the moment of those terrible first experiments upon human beings with Pasteur's new vaccine matter. The good old savant, engrossed in his researches, had omitted to put himself right with the local faculty of medicine in the matter of his grades, and he was forbidden to undertake the vaccination of persons who had been bitten by mad dogs without the assistance of a doctor who would assume the responsibility for the operations."

"Did you feel any trepidation when you undertook the task and supervised and made yourself responsible for the first vaccinations?"

"I never had a moment's hesitation, nor an instant's doubt. And the triumph of Pasteur's principles in successfully grappling with hydrophobia by vaccination was a proof to my mind that the other victories now at hand could be achieved."

"And how do you obtain the serum?"

"Well, we will now return to our friend, the horse. The great number of experiments made in our laboratory showed that of all animals capable of furnishing anti-diphtheritic serum in large quantities the horse was the easiest to vaccinate. He supports the 'toxine' much better than the dog or than ruminating animals. Nothing is easier than to draw from the jugular vein of a horse, as often as one wishes, great quantities of pure blood from which a perfectly limpid serum separates."

"And is the horse sacrificed?"

"Not at all. The operators of the Pasteur Institute have horses from the jugulars of which they have drawn blood more than twenty times, and the vein remains as supple as at the first 'drawing.' The animals used for this purpopse are nearly all young horses, sound and with excellent appetites. They are bled once a month, and at each operation a little more than four quarts of blood, capable of furnishing half that quantity of serum, is taken from them."

"Is there any cruelty in the operation?"

"No. The bleeding causes no pain, and the animal is not much enfeebled if the specified quantities are not exceeded. There is a 'but'—" and here the doctor paused.

"Some drawback, do you mean?"

"The drawback of expense is the only one. I was about to say—'But' if we are to be expected to cure all the cases of diphtheria and croup in Paris, we shall need a smart cavalry brigade. You see, it requires nearly seven-eighths of a pint of serum to cure the croup. The preparation of serum is costly, and our hospitals for children would find the new cure a tremendous drain upon their resources were it not for the public subscription which the Figaro has started, and which has already yielded nearly 50,000 francs. "The money is to be used in providing sufficient quantities of the serum. Baron Edmond de Rothschild alone has given 20,000 francs for this purpose."

"As for the serum," continued Dr. Roux, "we have demonstrated that it will keep for a year if protected from the light. We hope to show that its possible duration is much longer. At any rate it can soon be had in proper quantities almost everywhere. No nobler disposition could be made of surplus money by a millionaire than to secure the supply of the precious fluid which will every year save tens of thousands of young lives."

Napoleon's campaigns made 1,000,000 French women widows and 3,000,000 children fatherless.

Gentle Reproof.

Among the many anecdotes which illustrate the rare character of William Augustus Muhlenberg is one which is told of him at the time he taught in Flusning Institute.

He was most unsparing of his own faults, even before his scholars, where they were concerned in the circumstance. One of them, a young man very dear to him, often told in after years how, after administering a severe rebuke to him one day, Mr. Muhlenberg at night put into his hand a little box which contained money, and a brief note in which he deplored that he had "lost his temper in the morning, and spoiled his admonition by impatient tones and ugly looks."

The note went on to say, "These accounts are not to be settled between ourselves, but as a peace-offering, let me give you this Charity Box, to which I will add something every time I offend in a similar way, and about the use of which I promise not to inquire. By this penance of love, my infirmities may at least be the occasion of your benevolence."

This arrangement, while it was undoubtedly a genuine expression of his grief and humility, may have also been one of his loving and ingenious ways of impressing upon the mind of his scholar the ground of the morning's reproof—the fault he wished to guard against and overcome.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

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